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# ThunderClan Cats

**Clan Leader**

Bramblestar

**Deputy**

Lionblaze

**Medicine Cat**

Jayfeather

Apprentice, Shadecloud

**Warriors**

Icecloud

Sandstorm

Falcontail

Wavefur

Berrynose

Toadstep

Rosepetal

Sorreltail

Cavefrost

Lilyblossom

Grassfur

Poppyfrost

Cherrypelt

Molefur

Millie

Thornclaw

Spiderleg

Dustpelt

Brackenfur

Groundsquirrel

Floodface

Woodpelt

Birchfall

Mousewhisker

Ivypool

Cloudtail

Brightheart

Bumblestripe

Blossomfall

**Queens (she-cats nursing or expecting kits)**

Cinderheart (nursing Lionblaze's kits; Pondkit and Sunkit)

Daisy

Dovewing (nursing Bumblestripe's kits; Eaglekit, Talonkit, and

Splashkit)

**Elders**

Graystripe

Purdy

# Prologue

**PROLOGUE**

Gray storm clouds covered the sky. WindClan sat together, shivering in the gusts of cold wind. Thunder rumbled in the sky as a white bolt of lightning struck the moor. Rabbitkit wailed loudly and his mother, Bluefang, tried to quiet him. Another bolt of lightning struck close to the camp and Ashstar noticed an orange glow coming from where it struck. “Fire!” she called.

The WindClan cats quickly darted out of camp and towards the ThunderClan border. The flames chased after them, blazing through the moor. Yet another blast of lightning struck the moorland and the fire burned brighter. “Help the elders, warriors!” Ashstar ordered, noticing that Webfoot was falling behind.

The forest on the WindClan side of the border was visible now. The cats had reached the Moonpool stream and Ashstar yelled, “Swim!”

“I can’t swim!” Webfoot complained.

“Heathertail, help Webfoot!” Ashstar ordered.

The WindClan leader jumped into the stream with her warriors close behind her. The water plastered their fur to their skin and they were glad when the pulled themselves up onto the shore.

The flames stayed on the other side, unable to cross the stream. WindClan traveled into their forest. The odor of ThunderClan was lingering in the air and before long they reached the border. “We must ask Bramblestar for help,” Ashstar murmured to herself.

Unfortunately, Weaselfur heard her. “You know we’re not allies any more, Ashstar! You expect ThunderClan just to say, ‘Here you can have half of our territory!’ “

“No, but we have no choice but to ask them for help,” Ashstar said.

The WindClan cats continued towards the ThunderClan camp, just dark silhouettes moving slowly through the forest. The clouds parted and the moon shone down upon them. They disappeared behind the trees, leaving only pale white light and cold wind.

# Chapter 1: Bramblestar

**BRAMBLESTAR**

Bramblestar woke up to anxious whimpers. Lionblaze burst into Bramblestar's den without even asking for permission. "I led the dawn patrol!" Lionblaze meowed.

"Yes, continue," Bramblestar said.

"The whole of WindClan, I mean the kits and elders too, is in our territory. They were heading straight towards our camp!" Lionblaze said.

Bramblestar darted out onto the Highledge. "Let all cats…" he began, but stopped as he realized every cat was already there, waiting for him to speak. "All warriors, prepare to fight!"

He leaped down from the Highledge and stood at the entrance, waiting. Finally, the gray she-cat he had been waiting for stepped through the entrance. Behind Ashstar was the whole of WindClan, as Lionblaze had said.

"ThunderClan, attack!" Bramblestar cried.

He leaped at Ashstar and clawed her nose. He leaped, twisting in the air, and landed on her back. He sank his teeth into her neck and she sank to the ground. She twitched once and was still. Ashstar had lost a life.

Around Bramblestar, the battle was still raging. Sunstrike leaped at him and he shoved her off of him with his hind legs. She slammed into Heathertail, who was battling Molefur. Behind him, Ashstar struggled weakly to her feet, her body still recovering from losing a life. "Stop!" she called.

"We did not come here to fight, Bramblestar," she meowed. "Last night, a huge fire raced across the moor and we only have a

tiny stretch of land left to hunt in until the prey returns to the rest of our territory. We ask that you let us hunt in your territory until the next Gathering."

"That's nearly a whole moon away!" Shadecloud exclaimed angrily.

Lionblaze stepped forward to stand beside his leader. "We can't let them hunt on our territory, Bramblestar!" he exclaimed.

"No, Ashstar," Bramblestar said. "We are sorry for your troubles but we will not share our territory with you."

Ashstar turned to leave and signaled for her warriors to follow her. As they padded out of the ThunderClan camp, Falcontail called, "Yeah, get out of here you mangy crow-food eaters!"

"This isn't over yet," Bramblestar meowed. "I am quite certain that Ashstar still intends to hunt in our territory anyways."

Shadecloud stepped forward. "StarClan agrees. We must keep an eye on WindClan or else we may regret it."

# Chapter 2: Bramblestar

**BRAMBLESTAR**

Bramblestar was eating a mouse by the warriors den when the dawn patrol returned. “WindClan!” Cloudtail shouted. “They have been hunting in our territory.”

“So soon? We told them only two sunrises ago to stay out of our territory,” Bramblestar meowed.

“Well, it was definitely WindClan scent,” Cloudtail said.

“Attack any WindClan cats you see in our territory. If they don’t get the message that way, we’ll have to attack their camp,” Bramblestar decided.

Bramblestar padded back up to his den. Lionblaze followed him. “What is it, Lionblaze?” Bramblestar asked.

“I think you should talk to Shadecloud,” the ThunderClan deputy said. “She’s been acting strange since Ashstar came to our camp.”

Bramblestar walked back out of his den and trotted towards the medicine cat den. “Hello!” he called into the den.

Shadecloud spun around, neck fur bristling, green eyes worried. Then, she saw that it was Bramblestar and relaxed. “Are you hurt?” she asked.

“No,” Bramblestar said. “I came to ask what is wrong.”

“Wrong?” Shadecloud echoed.

“Yes, with you Shadecloud. Why are you acting so strange? What terrible prophecy has StarClan given you now?” he asked.

“Firestar said to keep an eye on WindClan or else we will

regret it," she meowed.

"Of course we will. Stop worrying about every little thing. ThunderClan will survive," Bramblestar said. "We always have."

"Thanks," Shadecloud muttered, but she didn't look as if she believed him.

Suddenly, Bramblestar heard a loud wail of despair from outside the den. What had happened now?

And as he saw the dead body that lay on the ground, he wondered if Shadecloud had been right to worry after all.

# Chapter 3: Shadecloud

**SHADECLOUD**

Shadecloud raced after Bramblestar, nearly crashing into him as he halted. She followed his gaze to the unmoving body of a ginger she-cat. She gasped. It was Sandstorm!

Dustpelt lay next to her, whispering in her ear. “Goodbye, Sandstorm. May StarClan light your path,” Shadecloud heard him whisper as she came closer. “We will get revenge!”

“Revenge?” Shadecloud asked.

Dustpelt nearly jumped out of his fur. “Shadecloud! How long have you been listening?” Dustpelt asked.

What had he said that he didn’t want her to hear? “What revenge?” Shadecloud said, not answering his question.

“WindClan,” a voice said from behind her.

She spun around to see Falcontail. “Sniff her pelt,” the brown tom told her.

Curiously, Shadecloud sniffed her fur. The pungent odor of WindClan filled her nostrils. “WindClan did this to her?” she asked, her neck fur bristling.

“Yes,” Falcontail said.

She noticed a tuft of gray fur wedged between Sandstorm’s claws. “Ashstar did this!” she said.

“Let’s teach those mangy old furballs a lesson!” Graystripe called.

“Yes,” Cloudtail said, agreeing with the gray elder.

“Stop!” Bramblestar said. “Who knows if it actually was WindClan?”

“It was on their border!” Birchfall called with his pelt fluffed out.

“Ashstar is a gray cat!” Shadecloud meowed.

“Couldn’t the murderer have been a gray cat who pushed Sandstorm’s body into the WindClan scent markers?” Bramblestar said.

Shadecloud could tell he didn’t believe what he said. Doubtful murmurs rose from the cats, but the ThunderClan leader ignored them.

How could Bramblestar be so ignorant? It was obvious that a WindClan cat had killed Sandstorm!

Firestar's warning rang in her ears. It was up to Shadecloud to save her Clanmates from WindClan.

# Chapter 4: Bramblestar

**BRAMBLESTAR**

Bramblestar remembered Tigerstar's treachery. He hadn't believed what he had said to his Clan, but a traitor like Tigerstar would have done something cunning like that to conceal his own treachery. Bramblestar took his thoughts off of his traitorous father. What if it was WindClan, which might be the case? How many more cats would die by their claws?

He curled up into a ball and fell asleep. In his dream, Firestar stood over him with his emerald eyes blazing with fury. "You will destroy my Clan!" Firestar hissed.

"What? How can I destroy my Clan?" Bramblestar asked.

"Shadecloud is our last hope!" Firestar said.

"Shadecloud? What?" he asked.

"You are too blind to see what is right in front of your eyes! Cats will die because of you!" Firestar said.

"Wait! Cats are going to die?" Bramblestar asked.

Firestar nodded. "You know the truth but you won't admit it," his mentor meowed, the anger fading out of his green eyes.

"What's that supposed to mean? Do you always have to speak in riddles?" Bramblestar asked confusedly.

"The answers are not inside your own Clan," Firestar said.

The starry warrior trotted away. "Firestar, come back!" Bramblestar called after him.

Firestar didn't stop. Bramblestar opened his eyes to find himself lying in his mossy nest.

# Chapter 5: Bramblestar

**BRAMBLESTAR**

Another half-moon had passed. Two sunrises ago, Shadecloud had returned from the Moonpool. When Bramblestar asked her what had happened, the only thing she said was, “Littlecloud has an apprentice now, and her name is Redpaw.”

Lilyblossom had moved into the nursery a quarter-moon ago, carrying Falcontail’s kits. The brown warrior walked around the camp with his head held proudly. Right now, Falcontail was sitting in the sun outside of the nursery with Lilyblossom at his side. She purred loudly as he licked her nose fondly.

Sunkit and Pondkit had become apprentices, with Ivypool mentoring Sunpaw and Poppyfrost mentoring Pondpaw. The younger warriors were happy to be relieved from helping with apprentice duties. No more cats had died, as Firestar had promised, and Bramblestar was beginning to wonder if the flame-colored tom was wrong.

“Bramblestar!” Ivypool called.

Bramblestar turned to look at the silver and white she-cat. “Would you like to go hunting with me and Sunpaw?” she asked.

The golden apprentice was right by Ivypool’s side, bouncing with excitement. “Sure,” Bramblestar said, not seeing any reason not to.

“We’ll hunt by the Sky Oak,” Ivypool meowed.

They made the short journey to the massive oak and almost immediately, Bramblestar spotted a mouse underneath a leaf. He crept forward and killed the mouse swiftly. He caught another mouse and a thrush before going to find Ivypool and Sunpaw.

Ivypool had caught a blackbird and a squirrel while Sunpaw had caught three mice. “Look what I caught!” Sunpaw meowed.

“Nice catch!” Bramblestar said.

“Thanks!” the young she-cat said happily.

She looked as if she were about to say more when Bramblestar heard a loud yowl of distress from the camp. Had Firestar’s threat come true?

Bramblestar, with his prey still dangling from his jaws, raced back to camp with Ivypool and Sunpaw at his side.

# Chapter 6: Bramblestar

**BRAMBLESTAR**

They dashed into camp, exploding through the thorn barrier. “What has happened now?” the ThunderClan leader asked.

“My life if ruined!” Whitewing wailed. “I swear I will kill all of you, WindClan!”

Dustpelt sat beside her with his head bowed out of grief. He looked up at Bramblestar with cold hatred in his eyes. “This is your fault!” he spat. “My son wouldn’t be dead if you would have attacked WindClan!”

A dark brown tom lay unmoving at Dustpelt’s paws. “Birchfall, why did you have to leave me?” Whitewing cried.

Shadecloud stared at Bramblestar with angry green eyes. *Is she blaming me for Birchfall’s death too?* he asked himself.

Bramblestar leaped up onto the Highledge. There was no need for him to summon the Clan, for they were already there, waiting for him to speak. “Today, a loyal warrior has died...” Bramblestar began, only to be interrupted by Dustpelt.

“You mean has been murdered!” the brown warrior yowled.

Murmurs of agreement came from the cats. “Okay, murdered,” Bramblestar said, forcing himself not to get angry at the senior warrior. “But how do we know that WindClan murdered him?”

“It’s obvious! Even a blind kit could see that he was…” Dustpelt broke off as a bushy black tail slapped him in the face.

Shadecloud forced her way through the crowd and finally, she stood beneath Bramblestar. “How many more times will a cat have to die before you attack WindClan?” she hissed.

“We don’t know that it’s WindClan!” Bramblestar said again.

But no cat seemed to be listening to him. Most of them were nodding their heads in agreement to Shadecloud’s words.

Annoyed, Bramblestar walked into his den and settled in his nest. Closing his eyes, he fell a restless sleep.

# Chapter 7: Shadecloud

**SHADECLOUD**

Shadecloud sighed. How could Bramblestar not see that it was WindClan who had killed Birchfall and Sandstorm?

The moon sat high in the sky, casting a bright glow onto the grass and illuminating the hollow with pale white light. *Bramblestar must be asleep now,* Shadecloud thought to herself.

Slowly, she crept out of her den and leaped onto the Highledge. Quickly, Shadecloud looked at the entrance to Bramblestar's den. No massive brown tabby tom came out of the den. Shadecloud was right. Bramblestar was asleep. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Highledge for a Clan meeting!" Shadecloud called.

Bramblestar poked his head out of his den. "What were you saying, Shadecloud?" he asked.

"Thought you were still awake, so I wanted to share a mouse with you," she said quickly. "Sorry. You can go back to sleep now."

Bramblestar snorted and walked back into his den. The Clan was beginning to gather beneath the Highledge. "Shadecloud!" Lionblaze meowed. "What are you doing up there?"

"Be quiet!" she hissed. "You're going to make Bramblestar find out about this!"

"Are we supposed to hide things from our leader?" Lionblaze responded.

"When he is being blind and ignorant, yes!" she said.

Lionblaze didn't say anything else. "As you know," she began quietly. "Bramblestar has ignored the fact that WindClan is

murdering our warriors."

She expected some cat to object, but all she heard was a few murmurs of agreement. "Are we just going to let them get away with it?" she asked.

"No!" Dustpelt yowled.

"If Bramblestar won't do something about it, than I will!" Shadecloud said.

She looked quickly at the entrance to Bramblestar's den. Somehow, the ThunderClan leader hadn't heard them. "Poppyfrost, Ivypool, are your apprentices ready for battle?" she said.

"Yes," Ivypool said. "Sunpaw has been doing very well in battle training."

Sunpaw lifted her head proudly. "Poppyfrost, is Pondpaw ready?" Shadecloud asked, noticing the tortoiseshell she-cat's hesitation.

"No," Poppyfrost finally said. "She can hunt well, but she has been struggling in battle training."

Shadecloud nodded. "Poppyfrost, you and Pondpaw will stay here. Everyone else, come with me. Other than Jayfeather, Purdy, Dovewing, Lilyblossom and Graystripe, of course," she said.

"Everyone else?" Brackenfur echoed.

"Yes," Shadecloud said. "Let's go and teach WindClan a lesson."

She noticed Pondpaw glaring at Sunpaw. "There is always a next time, Pondpaw," she said.

Pondpaw's eyes glittered with embarrassment. "It's not fair," she heard Pondpaw complain to Poppyfrost. Shadecloud pretended not to hear.

As she leaped down from the Highledge, Groundsquirrel

stepped forward. “Shadecloud,” he began. “You fight wonderfully, especially for a medicine cat.”

“Thanks,” she said.

“I would hate to see you waste your skills. You should be a warrior, not a medicine cat,” Groundsquirrel meowed.

“I don’t even know how to hunt!” Shadecloud protested.

“I could teach you,” Groundsquirrel said.

Shadecloud opened her mouth to speak, but Groundsquirrel gently pressed his tail over her mouth. “In the middle of a battle, would you rather be preparing herbs to treat the injured cats or fighting?”

They both knew what the answer was. Shadecloud didn’t have to say a thing.

Shadecloud padded slowly to where the warriors were waiting. Was she really meant to be a medicine cat? Or was Groundsquirrel right when he said that she should be a warrior?

# Chapter 8: Shadecloud

**SHADECLOUD**

Shadecloud led the ThunderClan cats through the forest. Every cat could smell the pungent odor of WindClan as they crossed the border. Soon, the trees disappeared and transformed into moorland. Shadecloud shivered as a huge gust of cold wind ruffled her fur. “We are almost at the WindClan camp!” Dustpelt hissed.

Soon, they reached the camp. WindClan slept in the open, unaffected by the gusts of wind and oblivious to attack that was moments away. Shadecloud took a deep breath and tried to calm herself before yowling, “ThunderClan, attack!”

She hurled herself into battle, and soon saw Harespring, the WindClan deputy, flinging himself at Molefur, who was already fighting with Sunstrike. Shadecloud dragged him off of her Clanmate. He wriggled free of her grip and raked his claws across her nose. “A medicine cat fighting? This should be easy! You haven’t even had proper battle training!” Harespring meowed, dodging her claws as Shadecloud tried to rake them down his side.

Harespring darted forward, preparing to rake his claws across her face. Shadecloud sidestepped, and leaped onto his back, sending him tumbling on the ground. “Is that the best that you can do?” she hissed.

Harespring heaved himself upwards, sending her flying through the air and crashing onto the ground. She pulled herself back onto her paws. She raced forwards and guessed that Harespring would go left to avoid her blow. She skidded to a halt and found that her instincts had been right. Harespring had leaped to left. She spun around and saw him coming towards her, about to rake his claws across her spine. She rolled out of the way just in time and quickly sprang to her feet.

Harespring was panting. “Not bad, for a medicine cat,” he

said as he leaped into the air.

Shadecloud knew he was trying to land on her back. She reared up on her hind legs and slammed her front paws into Harespring's side. She pinned him onto the ground and raked her claws across his belly. He yowled in pain and fury and tried to throw her off of him. She clung on though and he finally gave a defeated sigh. Harespring lay there, limp in her grip. Shadecloud didn't loosen her grip though, knowing that it might be a trick.

She looked around the WindClan camp. To her left, Lionblaze had Ashstar pinned to the ground. "WindClan, retreat!" Ashstar yowled.

"That isn't good enough!" Lionblaze hissed. "You need to suffer the same way we have! You must die!"

Shadecloud watched as Ashstar unsuccessfully tried to fling the ThunderClan deputy off of her. Lionblaze sank his teeth into Ashstar's neck, and scarlet blood flowed from the wound. Ashstar twitched once and was still. "How many more lives does she have left?" Lionblaze asked Kestrelflight.

"That was her fourth," Kestrelflight meowed fearfully.

"Five more to go," Lionblaze said.

Lionblaze clawed at Ashstar throat, making the wound bigger. "Lionblaze, what are you doing?" Shadecloud asked.

"Making the wound so big, that not even StarClan can heal it," Lionblaze growled. "Should we really let her live after she has killed our warriors?"

Ashstar blinked open her eyes and weakly opened her mouth. Blood trickled out of her mouth as she twitched again and fell still. "No!" Kestrelflight exclaimed.

Shadecloud watched, not wanting to but unable to avert her eyes from the horrifying scene, as the WindClan leader died four more times. Harespring gasped in horror, reminding Shadecloud that she still had him pinned to the ground. "Go, Harestar,"

Shadecloud whispered. “Return when we have left your territory.”

She let Harestar flee. Lionblaze chased after him, but Shadecloud stopped him. “No,” she said. “We have gotten our revenge now. Their leader is dead! Hopefully, Harestar will be a better leader than Ashstar was.”

“Let’s go home, ThunderClan,” Shadecloud yowled.

The ThunderClan cats gathered behind her and they began the long walk back to camp.

# Chapter 9: Bramblestar

**BRAMBLESTAR**

Bramblestar stretched his legs and trotted out into the camp. He looked around. He saw Purdy and Graystripe sharing tongues outside the elders den. Jayfeather emerged through the thorn barrier, carrying some coltsfoot in his jaws. Poppyfrost walked out of the apprentices den with Pondpaw following her. “Where are we going?” Pondpaw asked after a long moment of hesitation. She seemed uncharacteristically quiet.

“To hunt,” her mentor said. “They will be hungry when they return.”

“It’s not fair!” Pondpaw meowed sulkily. “Why did Sunpaw get to go while I didn’t?”

Bramblestar didn’t hear Poppyfrost’s response. *Where did Sunpaw go?* he asked himself.

Quickly, he hurried into the warriors den. No one was in there. He spun around and raced into Jayfeather’s den. “Jayfeather, where did everyone go?” Bramblestar asked.

“Everyone other than the useless blind medicine cats, the elders, and the queens?” Jayfeather asked grouchily.

“This is serious, Jayfeather!” Bramblestar hissed. “Where are they?”

“Oh, they just went to attack WindClan! Nothing too serious!” Jayfeather meowed with a hint of sarcasm in his voice. “Now would you excuse me? We are running low on horsetail, and some cat has to collect more!”

The blind gray tom padded out of the medicine cat den and disappeared. The tip of Bramblestar’s tail twitched angrily. “They

went to attack WindClan!" Bramblestar hissed to himself. "I told them not to!"

The ThunderClan leader trotted out of the camp. He followed Poppyfrost and Pondpaw's scent. He found them hunting close to the ShadowClan border. "Why didn't you go with them to attack WindClan?" Bramblestar asked.

"Poppyfrost said I wasn't ready for battle!" Pondpaw pouted.

"There will always be a next time," Poppyfrost said softly.

"Let's return to the camp," Bramblestar said quickly.

Poppyfrost and Pondpaw had caught two mice, a thrush, and a squirrel. "Who caught the squirrel?" Bramblestar asked.

"Me!" Pondpaw said, lifting her chin proudly.

"Nice catch!" Bramblestar said.

"Thanks!" the young apprentice meowed.

They walked in silence the rest of the way back to camp. The cats that had gone to attack WindClan had returned. "Why did you attack WindClan?" Bramblestar yowled as he entered the stone hollow.

Every cat turned to face him. Shadecloud leaped gracefully onto the Highledge. "Should have let WindClan keep killing our warriors?" she asked.

Bramblestar opened his mouth to say something but his words were drowned out by the other cats yowling, "No!" and "We taught them a lesson!"

Dustpelt leaped onto the Highledge and the brown warrior narrowed his amber eyes. "My son death couldn't go unavenged!" he hissed.

"How did you win?" Bramblestar asked.

Bramblestar's neck fur rose in horror as Dustpelt spoke again. “We killed their leader,” he said.

# Epilogue

**EPILOGUE**

Shadecloud paced anxiously outside of the medicine cat den. She knew that she had to tell Bramblestar her decision now.

She leaped onto the Highledge, sending small pebbles tumbling onto the ground. Shadecloud walked slowly towards Bramblestar's den. Taking a deep breath, she poked her head inside and meowed a greeting.

"What is it, Shadecloud?" the ThunderClan leader murmured sleepily. "Are you planning another attack on WindClan like the last time you were up here?"

"No," Shadecloud answered, trying to keep her voice from trembling.

"Then, what prophecy has StarClan given you now?" Bramblestar asked.

"Nothing," Shadecloud responded.

"Well, what is it then?" he asked.

Shadecloud hesitated. *Am I sure that this is what I want to do?* Shadecloud asked herself.

"Well?" Bramblestar said.

Shadecloud took one last deep breath. Then, she said, "Bramblestar, you know that I am better at fighting than the average medicine cat."

"Better than the average warrior is more like it," Bramblestar meowed.

"I have decided that I want to be a warrior," Shadecloud

said.

# Excerpt from Warriors: The Unknown Threat Series Book #5: Mysterious Newcomers

**PROLOGUE**

A massive dark ginger tom glared at four young cats with angry green eyes. “Traitors!” he spat. “You killed Leafstar!”

A white tom with sky blue eyes stared calmly up at the furious tom. “Yes, we did, Sharpstar. Why does it even matter to you? She was just a pathetic old she-cat that we had to kill twice before she finally stayed dead,” the white tom meowed.

Sharpstar narrowed his eyes. “How dare you talk about Leafstar like that?” the SkyClan leader asked furiously.

“Because it’s true!” a ginger she-cat with blue eyes said.

“Silence, Dawnleaf!” Sharpstar hissed.

The white tom spoke up again. “So? What are you going to do to us? Kill us?” he asked.

Sharpstar took a deep breath before speaking again. “Leave the territory. If we see you on our territory any time past sunhigh today, my warriors have permission to kill you,” the SkyClan leader meowed.

“I would like to see them try to,” the white tom murmured.

Angry hisses came from the SkyClan cats, but Sharpstar remained calm. “Leave now!” he commanded firmly. “Cherrytail, Rockshade, Bouncefire, and I will escort you to the border.”

The white tom looked like he was about to argue, but Dawnleaf whispered in his ear, “Don’t fight. This isn’t worth it and

it isn't a battle you can win."

The white tom nodded slowly to her and he let the SkyClan cats escort him to the border. When they reached the border, Sharpstar and his companions stopped. "Go and never return," Sharpstar said.

The four cats disappeared and only then did Sharpstar and his warriors leave. "Where are we going to go?" Dawnleaf asked the white tom.

A black she-cat spoke up. "Do you not trust Snowpelt to lead us to a good place?" she asked.

"I do, Moonflame," Dawnleaf said. "I just would like to know."

"I'll tell you where we are going," Snowpelt meowed. "We are going to find the other Clans."